

## New Directions

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# Poems

Editorial Staff

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### Research Paper

They call it work, but  
I call it project  
slighting its name.

research paper  
heavy  
for the one  
who has to bear it  
like marriage  
it makes a lot  
of turns  
returns,  
twists,  
leaps  
& crossings.

project completed  
life is like bowling  
a perfect game,  
twelve strikes in a row.

Girma Tessema Wubishet  
Silver Spring, Md.

### The Humming of the Bones

before time  
before I had any conception  
of the I of me I sat on  
my hands until feeling  
feeling drained from  
the flesh

I thought as a beast  
without question  
that was blind instinct  
driving me on

maybe I forgot to forget  
the stabbing faces  
snorting memory—  
less through fields of  
haste  
that I was Mr. where-are-you-man  
Mr. face-of-blue-lights  
Mr. cloud-man not  
knowing why

the clouds I am speaking of  
are all dead by now  
no longer are tears stones  
I squeeze from my eyes

I accept life's rhythms  
realizing that all is  
God-speeded or God-  
slowed for reasons  
unbeknownst to  
mankind

and blood?  
what is blood but bridges

more and more I keep  
my distance from  
the weathermakers of gloom  
who turn privacy inside out

and I have come to appreciate  
the velvety perfumed  
presence absent in a stone's  
bone-white rose

Robert Bowie  
College Park, Md.

### Cold Shoulders

Reared rurally  
Down in the Baptist belt  
Community, unity and support  
I always felt,

Big cities in the North  
Aroused my curiosity  
Downtown lights on all night  
Executive opportunity,

University grad into fads  
Said goodbye to mom and dad  
They looked so sad  
I'm no longer a lad  
Going North can't be all that bad,

Cold weather, cold shoulders  
Can't be yourself  
Gotta act a little older,

Making the weekly dollar  
In a white collar  
High class I am at last,

Greeting me with nods  
Is this a facade?  
Who cares about your past?

Working and playing in the big city  
Getting you down?  
Who will have pity  
At a glance  
All are hi-sidity,

Acceptance  
If you keep your distance

Friendship  
Depends on your dollars and cents,

University grad into fads  
Said goodbye to mom and dad  
They looked so sad  
Going North can't be all that bad,

Cold weather, cold shoulders  
Can't be yourself  
Gotta act a little older.

Dez Brown, Jr.  
Washington, D. C.



# NEW DIRECTIONS

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